Volume LXIII CHICAGO, MARCH 4, 1909 Number 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE GRASS

Around the world once more your banners sweep,
O thou triumphant legion of the grass!
You shake the hill and valley as you pass;
Across the rivers and the seas you leap,
The music of your marching wakes from sleep
The forest and the field and the morass,
And in thy fragrant train, a starry mass,
The blossoms all like constellations creep.

What power is thine, O Army of sweet peace!
To you at last all victories belong;
All battlefields are thine beneath the sun;
To every sorrow thou dost bring surcease.
What vanquished empire but hath heard thy song?
Answer, O Egypt; answer, Babylon!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

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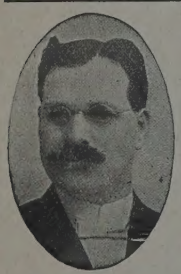

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1909. NUMBER 1.

Another Birthday

UNITY has rounded out another year; with this issue it enters upon its thirty-second year of life and, as has become his habit, the Senior Editor leaves for his annual March escape from Chicago weatner and UNITY cares, trusting his associates to keep the hopper filled during the month, and trusting providence, human and divine, to give to UNITY at least another year's lease of life.

We enter upon this at least one more year with no tale of woe; we do not intend to chant a swan song, however fitting it might be to do so. Some of our readers will remember the thirtieth birthday declaration and hope and the thirty-first birthday prolongation of the hope and renewal of the quest. The quest started two years ago for an endowment regiment, the search for a thousand friends, tried and true, or their equivalent, who would be willing to sacrifice, to strain and pinch, to the extent of thirty dollars each, has not been without fruit; it has brought forth a correspondence, extensive, interesting and pathetic. If one would have a realizing sense of the "poverty" of America, the hard strain of the "prosperous," the burden of "many calls," and how far the "good intentions" outreach the "possibilities" of even the most favored, let him try to raise an endowment fund.

But, notwithstanding these reflections, we believe the thirty-thousand-dollar endowment fund is coming; it would have come faster had there been more time at the disposal of those at the office center. As it is, we have already deposited in the bank $1,821.60, and there is $955.00 more to be called for when the fund is complete. For it will be remembered that no subscription, whether paid or otherwise, is available until the thirty thousand is realized. We have not thought it best to weary our readers with the details, but we do take pleasure in printing in another column the names of all those who have achieved full membership in the endowment regiment by the subscription of thirty dollars or more; also the other list containing the names of those who have failed to send the thirty dollars but who have sent their "something," for which we are not ungrateful. The smallest subscription often represents the highest sacrifice.

The psychology of money-raising is interesting. Some of the friends, with keen insight into human nature, have pointed out the weakness of our scheme. They have claimed that it would have been easier to find thirty men and women in the widely spread UNITY family, which reaches from ocean to ocean, from the country school ma'am to the millionaire, who would have given a thousand dollars each and be done with it, than to find a thousand men and women who would give thirty dollars each. It is also clear to the wise that the bargaining instinct, strong in American life, reveals itself even in the most altruistic moments and movement of the soul in this business age. The contributor often dickers with his own conscience and seeks to buy immunity from its pangs as cheaply as possible; the disposition to "cut down the bill" is strong. Some philanthropists, not misanthropists, have urged that if UNITY had started out with a hundred-dollar unit of subscription, instead of thirty, the temptation to make fifteen dollars do instead of thirty, would have gotten out of a hundred-dollar proposition by offering fifty.

But the Editor, who has watched the life and directed the destiny of UNITY throughout its thirty-one years, is not disposed to be either sarcastic or pessimistic. He is more surprised than any of its readers can be that it has kept alive so far and is more puzzled to know how it was done, without any schism, sect or party to sustain it. He is most glad that through all these years it has owed no man anything but good will, except to those who did the work and loved the cause and who were glad to pay the price.

Let no reader of UNITY be distressed by these reflections. Our quest, in the future as in the past, will be for readers and not for dollars, and the assurance that it has been a gospel bearer, a life-helper to some lives hard pressed, some lonely souls, some bewildered intellects and sensitive consciences is abundant pay.

Through the kindness, then, of a few of the old friends who are still left at the Centre, UNITY is out for another twelve months' quest for its regiment. The friends who have risen to the luxury of an automobile, the style of a directoire gown and the indispensable up-to-date hat, or its costly equivalent, are appealed to as well as the hard-working rancher in California, the lonely widow in Vermont and the striving school ma'am in Dakota. A degree of self-sacrifice of the first named in this list commensurate with that which has been realized from the latter mentioned will fill up our regiment before we reach our thirty-third birthday.

Meanwhile we are off to the Southland for a month and we ask you to study the list of our endowment regiment in another column and greet the Editor's return with a long list of recruits to the same.

Our associate, E. P. Powell, in the *Christian Register*, under the caption of "Down South at Home," goes straight to the heart of the color question, as he does of most questions he faces. He says:

"The real race conflict is whether the white fellow shall be a gentleman to the black. * * * * When a black man is civil, treat him civilly; when he is a gentleman, be yourself a gentleman; do not be a baby."

A venerable reader of seventy-six years writes us:

"Dear UNITY:—Your letter of the 10th is at hand and I sincerely appreciate the kind offer to continue sending me UNITY, spite of my inability to pay. In all my seventy-six years I have never had or asked the benefit of any reading without giving an equivalent. Perhaps I shall get in better financial condition by and by when the insurance on our burned home is settled. I had a library of four hundred or more volumes that I had been fifty years in accumulating, which was consumed, with a large file of UNITY, and a big bundle of sermons of Savage and Simmons. When you consider that every scrap of all kinds was destroyed it looks serious, but my spirit is young, thank God! Very truly yours."

At a recent stereopticon exhibition on the Yellowstone Park at one of the field houses of Chicago, the lecturer found himself quoting from the Psalms concerning the "sheep herder," "the refuge of the wild goats," "the rocks for the conies" and of "the land covered with the deep as with a garment," when a twelve-year old girl was heard to remark, "Gee, he is throwing us religion in bunches, ain't he?" That was a hopeful youngster; we are afraid some of the elders would not have been so quick to recognize the source.

The story of Carroll D. Wright, late President of Clark University of Worcester, is a significant and stimulating one. He was a Yankee private who rose to a colonelcy in the war for freedom, a man who never went to college but upon whom colleges showered degrees and who ended his career as President of a college. A man who was at one time President of the American Unitarian Association and a lecturer on sociology in a Catholic university, a son of a minister who for twenty years was United States Commissioner of Labor, a man whose special gift, if he had a specialty, seemed to be that of statistician, and still his favorite studies and peculiar message were in the field of ethics and reform,—a lovable man, a friend to progressive things, in whose death the present writer mourns the loss of a friend as well as a supporter and co-laborer.

The article in the *Century Magazine* on "Rutherford B. Hayes in the White House" is timely reading. Show, sumptuousness, stylish dressing, military pomp and parade are the perpetual menace to democracy; the two are not compatible. The simplicity of Jefferson, Lincoln, Grant and Hayes represent the virtue of republicanism, and any departure therefrom, however illuminated with zeal and subordinated to reform, introduces elements of weakness. The truly democratic President must be a model of the simple life. Show and sumptuous living encourage the wrongs that the practicers thereof would rebuke. A teacher of ethics is weakened by the cigar and the wine glass; his practice defeats his teaching. So the man of peace prattles his message when surrounded by the gilt lace and brass buttons of the military. The clank of the saber introduces a discord into the song of democracy.

The readers of UNITY will watch with interest the development of two programs for spring meetings. The first will be an interdenominational congress of those interested in liberal things in religion, to be held in Philadelphia at a Friends' meeting house the last week of April, of which our friend and co-laborer, Rev. C. W. Wendte, of Boston, is the chief motive power. The other is a peace congress held under the auspices of the American Peace Society in Chicago the first week in May. The Senior Editor of UNITY and Rev. C. E. Beals recently spent a couple of days in Washington, D. C., working up the program among the noted, and met with the encouragement that justified a confident prophecy of a great meeting. The Ambassadors of Germany, China, Japan and probably Turkey have promised to be present, and the co-operation of leading men in Congress and prominent officials was assured. Watch the development of these two programs and reserve the dates.

McCutcheon last week preached another eloquent peace sermon in his *Tribune* cartoon when he pictured the long perspective of battle ships and a crowd of enthusiastic, excited and surprised "Jackies" in the foreground, crowding the foredecks of a battle ship to see a solitary merchantman ship flying the American flag. Ten miles of glorious battle ships, one American ship devoted to commerce, trade, the amenities of peace. Spite of all the parades and hurrahs, the voyage of the battle ships around the world was a cheap triumph, accompanied with many malign inspirations and mischievous suggestions. We join with our exchanges in the chorus of praise to Theodore Roosevelt

for the many good things he did, the splendid causes he championed, the conventions he defied and the subtle and hidden crimes he exposed, but it is not yet time to fix his place in the line of Presidents. One may well hesitate before elevating him among the larger prophets of democracy who has given currency to the vicious epigram of "Speak softly but carry a big stick," the one who for a time at least has given certain classic dignity to the phrase "Rough Rider," and who has tried so hard to revive the military spirit in the United States and has been the means of worse than wasting, to our mind, the hard-earned wealth of America in building battle-ships as peace-makers, a position we believe false in psychology, untrue to our traditions, and misinterpretative of the spirit of the age and the cause of progress.

New Dangers to the Equal Suffrage Movement

"The Woman Question" seems to be reaching an acute form of agitation in America as well as in England. The fierceness of the suffragette attack upon conventionalities is bearing effect in America, but here more than there, probably, the success of the movement is menaced by the growing segregation on lines which it is designed to correct. To the real friend of an equal ballot, to one who is glad to recognize not only the theoretic justice but the palpably growing fitness of woman to have a voice in the administration of the government under which her life is conditioned and of which she forms so integral a part, the growing habit of the most competent women to flock apart, to carry their brains as well as their social leisure and personal attractions into organizations and activities more or less exclusively feminine, is not only a strange paradox but one fraught with real dangers to society. Even while they plead for the equal footing and the common life of man and woman, the barriers between the sexes, once reared by superstition, ignorance and tyranny, are in danger of being maintained and increased by the separations of fashion, display, and the higher satisfactions of easy conquest in the fields of literature, art and reform promoted among themselves.

Last week in Chicago Miss Ethel Arnold of England presented the cause of woman suffrage in such a large and efficient way as to provoke thought and carry conviction among the only class who have it in their power to extend the right of suffrage. But alas! her argument was presented before a large, enthusiastic, well dressed audience, overwhelmingly feminine; necessarily so, for it was held during the afternoon when men were necessarily preoccupied with business. Had the same amount of energy and advertising enthusiasm been given to promote an evening hearing in the same hall, the voting power of the audience would have been immensely increased, possibly the numerical attendance would have been larger, but the distinguished "functional" character of the event, from the women's standpoint, would have been lessened; but the cause of woman would have been more advanced though the pride of some women might have been perhaps less gratified. And the fabric and cut of the dresses, the quality of the hats,—the awful hats,—would have been less noticeable.

We believe that civilization is slowly but surely moving towards the equal suffrage privileges of men and women, the only just basis; but we are also compelled to feel that the withdrawing of women from masculine associations in religious, civic and political meetings and associations, which within limits may be stimulating to women, is deadening to the higher interests and finer enthusiasms of the men. Men show unmistakable signs of being bored or amused by what they ought to be greatly interested in.

Recently the present writer was asked to address the Wisconsin State Legislature on this pending question. The assembly hall was freely granted. The galleries were well filled with women auditors, but, the truth must be confessed, but few of the legislators themselves found it convenient or necessary to be present, "other duties more pressing" demanding their attention.

This schism in the more favored strata of the social fabric is beginning to attract the attention, not of the tyrannical men, the women-haters, the anti-suffragists, but of the philosophers and the sages, the friends of women. The horrible waste of time in the follies of dress, superficial and sometimes silly display of platform and parliamentary agility conspicuously dissevered from the intellectual thoroughness and mental grasp belonging thereto, the scandalous waste on bridge whist, spectacular charity schemes, ranging from little children's masquerading parties, an offense to all pedagogical and ethical canons, to bare-footed dancers, is being noted by the best men and women everywhere and is giving rise to a protest that must bring about a reaction and reform.

In illustration and justification of the point made, we would call attention to Professor Munsterberg's article on "Intemperance among Women" in the March number of *The Ladies Home Journal* and the "straight talk" on "The Modern Woman and Her Church," by Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis in the *Congregationalist* for February 27. The words of Mrs. Hillis, coming as they do from an up-to-date woman, a lady in the confidences of the modern women, writing from the inside of the best society, are particularly worthy of note.

Mrs. Hillis gladly recognizes, as does the Editor of UNITY, that the "women's clubs have accomplished much of importance in matters civic and historic," but she also notes that they

> "have robbed the church of the best efforts of many who have failed to see that inside the church, with its varied and wide-reaching membership, there are possibilities for influence and for culture, wider and more permanent than the best work of the best clubs."

Mrs. Hillis also states, what many other noble-

minded women as well as men have noted, the dangers of the pursuit of social position and the disgraceful immoralities of the "bridge whist mania." Let not these words be too promptly dismissed by the modern, progressive woman:

"It may be a severe criticism to make of warm-hearted, intelligent women, but it is the candid opinion of one who has been more or less actively engaged in church work for more than twenty years, that the chief reason we are lacking in leaders is this: the woman who is ambitious cares more for the prestige which society or membership in a popular club will give her than for the success of a plan involving self-sacrifice, which the luxury and wealth of the present day have reduced to a lost art. Women have been told so often and so long that they are sacrificing by nature, that they are blind to the fact that among the well-to-do classes this has become almost a sarcasm. The city woman with her small family, her one, two or three servants, her endless conveniences and luxuries, her constant invitations and opportunities for entertainment or self-culture, is unconsciously a travesty upon the character of the ideal which most women believe that they hold.

"There is a condition becoming general with alarming rapidity which is a direct result of this blindness to opportunity or its conscious neglect. With the increase of luxury has come an enervation and idleness which call for increasing stimulus in recreation and amusement, and we have the bridge whist mania. This is neither more nor less than a disease, which has seized and twisted the moral focus of women until the employment, in a scramble and gamble for prizes, of hours which God gave for work and development appears proper and dignified to its victims; until the display of garments and furniture becomes more important than the building up of home and character. Bridge whist is only a game, but its advocates present a spectacle to mankind which is producing a feeling of indifference and contempt too rapidly taking the place of the old-time chivalry for which our American men have been noted. The feeling of respect cannot exist where there is nothing to inspire it. If women who represent the social standard devote themselves to the attainment of skill in a form of amusement which, indulged in by a lower class, or outside of parlors, would be plainly denounced as gambling, they must not be surprised to see the reflection of their influence upon the character and manners of the other sex."

The Dreamer

A dreamer of dreams men called him,
  And passed him by with a smile—
An idler in life's great market,
  A scorner of things worth while.

One said to him: "Buy, sell, barter—
  The world will worship your gains;
And losses are not for the fighter
  Who feels red blood in his veins."

Another, who feared his dreaming,
  Threw stones and railed at his word,
And cried: "Down, down with the scoffer!
  No more shall his voice be heard."

The dreamer turned not from his dreaming;
  The noise of bargain and sale,
The triumph of those who conquer,
  The envy of those who fail,

The taunt of the persecutor
  That filled the reluctant years,
Smote ears that were strained to listen
  For the music of other spheres.

Undaunted he held to his vision,
  Unconquered by man or creed;
An empty hand at the plowshare—
  But God was sowing the seed.

A dreamer of dreams men called him,
  Vain as unending youth;
Yet one day the dull earth blossomed,
  And lo, the flowers of truth!

—*Louise Montgomery.*

THE PULPIT

Abraham Lincoln.

Address by Joseph Newton, at the Auditorium, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, February 12, 1909.

My Fellow Citizens:—It is now one hundred years since Abraham Lincoln was born, and more than forty years since his great figure disappeared from mortal vision. All over the land the nation pays tribute to him today. In honoring him we honor all that is real, noble and enduring in our national life, for he grew out of our soil and is one of the few names which our country has added to the hall of universal fame. No born king of men was he, ruling by flashes of unearthly genius, but a plain, simple, honest man who by virtue of character and merit won his way from low state to supreme power and usefulness. This lesson is for us, and for the men who are to come after us, that we may be inspired to render, in some degree, a high service to our country and our race.

Lincoln grows upon us as the years come and go. On the distant slopes of fame we begin to see that uncouth, sad, humorous, strong, wise, tender man as he was, and as no one saw him while he lived. No one need fear that he will become idealized and his real image lost in a haze of reverent and grateful love. There is no Lincoln myth. Fable falls away from his simple human majesty, and all now see that the ideal man was the real man as God saw him when the heavens received him out of sight. The more truth we know of him, the greater he seems in that totality of powers, none of which was supremely great, but all of which, uniting and held in poise, made him at once so universal and so unique. In time of tumult he was serene, in a tempest of hatred he was loving, and his face wore amidst the clouds of war the grief of a nation torn and bleeding of heart. No one can stand before his later portraits, looking into that great homely countenance, with its blend of light and shadow, its calm, level gaze, so frank, so benign, and yet withal so firm and far-seeing, and not be touched with a feeling akin to awe. Men can no more help loving and praising him than they can help loving and praising surpassing nobility anywhere. The quality in our people which makes of him an ideal is a saving grace of this republic.

Two ideals of state, two ideals of life, took root and grew on our eastern shores. For many years they grew apart, each upon its own soil, each taking shape under its own sky. One of these was Puritanism—an austere moral idealism, firm as the cliffs which stay the tides, yet as resistless in its energy as the ice floes which lock the harbors of New England. Say what you will of the Puritan idea—that it is narrow, sombre and uncompromising—one thing is true, it is vital, aggressive and masterful. With its genius for discovery, its spirit of adventure, its disregard of the past, it disavows the most solemn sanctions with a facility which stamps it as the master iconoclast of the ages. No one who estimates the creative forces of this country can fail to give due honor to this mighty and virile ideal.

The other ideal was what is known as chivalry. Its grace and charm of courtesy, its respect for social order, its instinct for hospitality, its fascinations of

legend, romance and tradition; its veneration for the past, its pride of blood and extraction—all these made up a social structure as unlike Puritanism as anything could be. If Puritanism was a theocracy, the genius of the cavalier was invidualism. So long as these two ideals remained apart, the nation was at peace, knowing not what antagonistic elements it held, both growing every day and struggling to be free. A conflict had to come. The necessity for it was written in the whole history of the colonies, and in the annals of England for centuries past. Clay and Webster might delay it for a time, but to no purpose except to remove the date a few years into the future.

In the great valley of the west Puritan and Cavalier met, mixed, and mingled the one with the other, and with men from other lands seeking a new fatherland. Under the wide melancholy of the western sky there grew up, on a virgin soil, a new order of men, as unlike the psalm-singing, witch-hunting yankees of the North as the slave-hunting, sporting feudal lords of the far South. Had it not been for the men of the West this nation would have gone to wreck in a conflict between forces at once alien, unrelenting, and extreme. Some day a poet will write our national epic, and its central figure will be a humane, heroic, wise man of the West—a man as Grady has said in whose ample nature the virtues of Puritan and Cavalier were blended, and in the depths of whose great soul the faults of both were lost—"not a law-breaker, but a law-maker; a fighter, but for peace; a calm, grave, strong man; formidable, sad; facing down injustice, dishonesty, and crime; and dying in his boots in defense of an ideal—of all world-types distinctive to us—peculiar, particular and unique."

Only one man in our history—him in whose memory we are met—is tall enough of soul and broad enough of mind to fit that frame. Lincoln is our highest type—greatest in his patience, his courage, his self-control, and in his mastery of his life consistently to a high moral ideal—an ambition nobly to serve his nation and mankind. Simple as Esop, yet as subtle as an oriental; meditative as Marcus Aurelius, yet blithe as Mark Twain; as much of a democrat as Walt Whitman, yet devoid of that vague, dreamy egotism; he embodied the faith, the philosophy, the genius of his native land. His body was sound, his mind was clear, and "his heart was as large as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." Of a truth a poet has said, in lofty and appealing lines,

> "Our children shall behold his fame,
> The kindly-earnest, brave, far-seeing man,
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
> New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Of leaders of men there are two kinds. One sees the thing as it ought to be and is to be, and condemns all else because it falls below the ideal. They are reformers, agitators, and sometimes iconoclasts—dreamers who know not the slow ways whereby dreams are wrought into reality. Nearly always they have a cut and dried scheme of reform which they are sure will work, forgetting how often the best laid plans of mice and men will go awry in the midst of facts. They are noble in their fealty to high ideals, but they lack the capacity to achieve their ideals by practical methods. By their exaggerations they make us think by their burning zeal they make us feel, but by a sure instinct we refuse to entrust the reins of power into their hands. They are good men and true, but they are poor pilots.

The other kind of leader sees the ideal no less clearly, nor is he less loyal to it. But he also sees things as they are, sees them steadily and sees them whole, and tries patiently and wisely to bring the best results out of the forces with which he has to deal. He knows that men are slow of heart and stumbling of step, and he does not run so far ahead of them that they lose sight of him and stop. He knows how to get along with ordinary humanity. Such a man was Lincoln—who united an unwavering fidelity to a moral ideal with the skill, the acumen, and the good sense to make his dream come true. Here lies the key to his statesmanship. No leader of this land ever stood so close to the common man as he; no one has been at once so frank and so subtle. He knew the people, he was one of them, and they knew and loved and followed him—paying to him, and to their country, "the last full measure of devotion."

Lincoln was a great conservative. He was not willing to wreck the Union to abolish slavery. Intense as were his feelings against the awful evil—for which North and South were involved in a common historic guilt—he refused to sink the ship in order to cleanse it. He knew that slavery was fixed in the law of the land, confessed in the Constitution and sanctioned by the courts, and his oath was a vow to uphold the law. But he also knew that slavery would have to go at last, because the increasing justice and kindness of the race were against it. He had an abiding faith in the innate justice and pity of man, even as he had faith in God. So it was that he sought to push slavery back into a corner of the nation, and let it die. He was never an abolitionist. He repudiated the dogma of confiscation. He held that if the nation was to free the slaves it should buy them, and then set them free. And this he was about to do, but war came, and blood, and fire, and

> "A measureless ocean of human tears."

Gone now are those awful years—those tragic years, when the bravest men that ever lived were cut down like grass on a red field. From the fall of Arthur Ladd, its first victim, to its final scene, it was the saddest and the noblest war that ever raged—a Nemesis of national sin and the beginning of a new era. Through it all, Lincoln kept his patience, his gentleness, his faith, and his clear, cool reason, though harassed by office-seekers, lampooned by critics, and reviled by radicals. His one aim, as he wrote to Greeley, was not to save or destroy slavery, but to save the Union—without slavery if he could, with slavery if he must—and from that purpose he could not be turned aside. All else was secondary in his thought. He looked beyond, into a vast future, and saw a great and united nation, new born in faith and freedom, working out the will of God upon the earth. Events marched rapidly. The slaves were freed, the armies of the South melted away, and the hand that guided the war was held out in brotherly forgiveness. The final stroke of his labor was at hand, but into its perfect fullness he did not enter. In the hour of victory his great homely figure went down.

> "As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
> Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
> And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

It is my belief that the men of the future, looking back from afar, unbiased and impartial, will say that the noblest thing in the life and statesmanship of Lincoln was the humane, brotherly, Christ-like policy he outlined for dealing with the South after the war.

In all the annals of statecraft there is nothing like that outstretched hand of forgiveness. There was in it no rancor, no revenge, no gleam of selfish pride in power, but the magnanimity of a victor before which historians will uncover their heads. No prostrate people ever saw a conqueror so gentle and compassionate. Now that the frenzy of conflict has died away, and a better day has come, that olive branch of peace and good-will rises up as a thing so beautiful, so wise, so altogether noble that it needs a poet to tell of its glory. So long as that olive grows among us no one need fear for the future of our country. Even so, today the solemn and tender words of our prophet-president are fulfilled before our eyes—

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely as they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

High School and Other Reforms

In the November, 1908, American Magazine, there is an article by William Lee Howard, M. D., on "Helpless Youths and Useless Men." I have commended this article to your reading. Every father and every mother ought to read it. Every preacher and every teacher and every person who is interested in our schools ought to read it. I do not agree with all the statements that Dr. Howard makes. He opposes co-education after boys have reached the age of fourteen. I believe in co-education up to the point where the boy or the girl begins to specialize,—and there if they are specializing in the same subjects. Dr. Howard rails at our high schools as "girls' schools." I believe that he is right in saying that our high schools fail to meet the needs of a majority of our boys; but I think they fail to meet the needs of a majority of our girls as well; though their failure on this side is not so apparent. With the great majority of people, Dr. Howard takes the ground that the young man who has been educated along false lines has been permanently injured. He quotes a letter which he entitles "Letter of a Hopeless Man." From this article one might gather that Dr. Howard believes that many of our boys are hopelessly injured by the inadequate and mistaken teaching done in our high schools. His wholesale denunciations, and his demand for changes which are practically, though not absolutely, unattainable at once, weaken the force of the pungent truths proclaimed. Sane folk know that our high schools are not hopelessly bad; that their poorest products of "anaemic, sheepish youth"—the phrase is Dr. Howard's—and not "helpless youths" necessarily destined to become "useless men." Sane folk know that our high schools are not ideal; that the attempt to prepare every pupil to enter college is a mistaken attempt; that their courses of study are not broad enough, are not flexible enough; that they fail to teach some of the subjects that they should teach. And sane folk know that all other human institutions are in the same boat with the high schools; that is, they are not ideal. The boy with a stiff backbone; the boy with perseverance, the boy with fair mental ability and the right kind of character back of his mental ability makes good in the high school, as it is. He makes good anywhere. Dr. Howard would not deny that statement. He knows that to be a fact as well as you and I do. But in his impatience with the failure of the high school he writes as though the entire blame for the helplessness and uncleanness of some of the boys who graduate from our high schools lay at the door of the school. He blames the high school for its failures, and he blames the fathers for their indifference and lack of knowledge. He forgets to lay any of the blame on the boy himself. Part of the blame belongs there. All of the blame belongs there. No, there's a better way to put it. There is no reason for "blame" of anybody. There is a good reason to recognize that high school courses of study, and high school equipment, and high school faculties are not what they should be. There is a good reason for saying that boys should be taught by virile men the high meaning of the facts which confront them in adolescence. There is good reason for demanding a larger percentage of virile men in the teaching force of the high schools; for demanding from the women teachers of the high schools—and the grammar schools—a recognition of the silliness, the senselessness, the absolute viciousness of our "most immodest modern modesty." But remember, it isn't just the teachers who are afraid to face the facts of life. It's all of us. We are all tainted with this "most immodest modern modesty." We try to keep the eyes of our children shut. We prate about "innocence," while we lie about the "stork" and the "doctor." There was a story in the comic section of a paper recently about a little boy. The nurse told him that the stork had brought him a little brother and asked him if he did not wish to see it. "Well!" he answered, "I don't care nuthin' 'bout seein' the baby, but I should like to see the stork." There is good reason, friends, there is very good reason for an earnest attempt, on your part and on mine, to get rid of this "immodest modern modesty"; to fearlessly face the facts of life; to recognize that there is nothing low, or base, or immodest in any part or organ of these bodies that God has given us, and that the normal action of every part is pure. There is good reason for a demand, on your part and on mine, that the teaching of physiology in our public schools shall either cease absolutely, or shall teach the most vital facts of the science. Boys, at the proper time, should be taught these facts by men. Girls, at the proper time, should be taught these facts by women. And all should be taught, always, that while these facts are not proper subjects for conversation in mixed company, they are pure, sacred;—they are important, vital. There is reason for a good deal of earnest, fearless, manly, womanly thinking and speaking on your part and on mine. And there is reason, most vital reason, ladies and gentlemen, for an awakening, on your part and on mine, to the fact that both the boy and the girl may take the high school as it is, with its insufficient equipment, with its lack of men and its preponderance of women in its faculty, with its course of study designed to meet the needs of a small percentage of its pupils,—and not well designed to meet those needs,—the boy and the girl may take the existent high school, with all its deficiencies, and in it, with the assistance of the many helps it can and does give, may develop manly, womanly character. I find it difficult to be patient with these people who lay so much stress upon the weaknesses of our institutions and laws,—Socialists and Prohibitionists and reformers of all kinds and conditions. Listening to their

speech, reading their publications, one is led to the conclusion that they look upon men and women, boys and girls, as they look upon domestic animals. I have no quarrel with the men who, by artificial selection and breeding, have developed the American trotting horse. The Jersey cow and the white Plymouth Rock hen are probably worth the time and thought it has taken to produce them. But, friends, manhood, womanhood, are not produced, are not developed by any such process. Manhood, womanhood, are not the product of good schools—they blessed the world before men had conceived the idea of a school; they are not the product of Prohibition or Socialism. Manhood and womanhood are the product of a consciously self-directed search for righteousness. When the boy becomes conscious that there is, within his own being, a demand, a necessity, that he try to discover and to do the right; when a girl awakens to the fact that she has a conscience, that she *must* try to understand its message, and obey,—then, and not till then, girl and boy are started on the road to the one vital attainment of life,—a noble character. Let's reform our high school. Let's make its curriculum broader and more flexible. Let's recognize our duty to study the child, to discover his aptitudes and develop him along those lines. Let's have gymnasiums and swimming pools and sewing rooms and kitchens and better equipment along all lines. Let's have more virile men in the teaching force. Let's demand of our women teachers, and of ourselves, a shedding of this "immodest modern modesty"; a recognition that prudery is not purity, that ignorance is not innocence. Let us, each one of us, look at the facts of life with open eyes, unashamed,—and then demand that our teachers do the same. Let us, each one of us, teach our children to look at the facts of life with open eyes, unashamed,—and then demand that the teachers, also, so teach. But above all else, let us, each one of us, keep always in mind the great, deep,fundamental fact that a man, a woman, is something more than body and brain; that in the boy, the girl, over and above body and brain, there is that strange, mysterious reality, about which he can assert no positive knowledge, and yet with which he is most intimately acquainted,—the soul, the ego, the self, which calls body and brain "mine." Let us remember that the end and aim of this soul, this self, in you and in me and in our child,—the end and aim of this self is not health or wealth, is not knowledge or culture, is not anything that comes to body or brain, is not anything that can be apprehended by one or all of the five senses. The end and aim of this strange, mysterious reality, ourselves, is another strange, mysterious reality which we call a noble character,—is attained by the conscious effort to hear and heed, to understand and obey that strange, mysterious reality within each of us,—conscience. O brothers, sisters, let us try to get this thought into our minds. Let us try to appreciate what we are and what power we have. Let us try to realize, to make real, the fact, in our own lives, that we are children of God, that we are gods, and have the power to attain the God-like life, here and now, under just the circumstances and conditions of our daily lives. Let us try to get this thought fixed in our own minds, to realize this ideal in our own lives, then shall the leading of our children to such thinking and such living become easy; then shall all needed reforms in high schools, in business and in politics, in religion,—everywhere,—follow as the day follows the sun.

While I cannot agree with Dr. Howard in all his statements, I can quite agree with him in his arraignment of fathers for their indifference, their failure to understand the needs of their sons, their shirking of responsibility, their idea that they have done their duty when they have provided the money necessary to give their sons what we euphoniously call an education. Dr. Howard makes a very strong case against the fathers. I agree with him. It may be that every father in this audience has done his full duty. It may be that every one of you is guiltless of any of the specific charges I am going to make. Very well! understand distinctly that, if your own conscience is clear, I am not speaking about you. If your own conscience is clear, then it is not you we are talking about. If you wince, if you are hurt by the plain truth, don't blame the truth, blame your own conscience.

Fathers, most of the fathers of this country, most of the fathers of this town have been and are so engrossed in the business of money making that they have failed, that they do fail to give time and thought to a consideration of the means whereby their children may be helped in the development of character. Most fathers are fairly cleanly, fairly honest, fairly truthful men. They are engaged in business or work of some kind whereby they are getting the money needed to keep the family going. Some are accumulating wealth. They are quite sure that money is necessary to supply the needs of the family. They know that more money, a larger income, means more comfort, luxuries, leisure, for the wife and children. It may mean closer application to business on their part. That doesn't matter. They get a large part of their pleasure in winning the money; and their sense of duty toward wife and children is satisfied by providing them with the leisure and the luxuries that money will buy. Most fathers wish their sons to grow up into fairly clean, fairly honest, fairly truthful men, like themselves. Most fathers would like to see their sons in a position to earn more money than the fathers are earning. They believe in the value of money and the things that money will buy. Most fathers have an idea that an education, or rather what passes for an education in their eyes, book-learning, will help their sons to earn or to get more money, or to get money easier, and they are willing to sacrifice their own comfort in order to put their boys through high school and college. Most fathers do just as their fathers did,—spend practically all of their time and thought and effort in providing the family with money to meet its needs, material and intellectual, and trust to the mothers, the schools, and a kind providence that their sons and daughters shall be trained and educated to fairly decent citizenship.

Ladies and gentlemen,—for you women are just as much interested as the men are, you are nearly if not quite as much responsible for whatever of mistake is being made,—ladies and gentlemen, mistakes are being made. It is a father's duty, as well as a mother's, to study the child; to know his tastes, tendencies, aptitudes; and to plan his education and training along lines which shall develop him into the farmer or the carpenter or the machinist he is fitted to become. In my opinion it is the father's duty, as well as the mother's, to be free from prudery, to have the confidence of daughters as well as sons, to talk with the child upon those subjects which deal with the most vital functions of life; to impress upon the child the sacredness and purity of those functions; to make

sure that no false and foolish and impure ideas are harbored. It is the duty of fathers, as well as mothers, to be acquainted with the schools; to be acquainted with the teachers; to know what subjects are being taught, and how they are being taught. But, ladies and gentleman, there is a higher duty, a more imperative duty that rests upon the fathers of this town and this country, and the mothers as well. It is the duty to examine into their own ideas and ideals, to test and try their own estimate of values. Are the majority of the fathers and the mothers of this country right when they believe it sufficient for a man to be fairly clean, fairly honest, fairly truthful? Remember, the women are just as responsible for that low ideal as the men are. Are the fathers and the mothers of this country right when they believe that money and the things that money will buy are the blessings of life? Remember, the men wouldn't spend all their time trying to get money if you women didn't demand money. Are the fathers and the mothers of this country right in thinking that disgrace *can ever* be found in the doing of any kind of honest work well? or that honor *can ever* be found anywhere else than in the doing of some kind of honest work well? Remember, you women are the chief sinners in sneering at calloused hands and grimy garments. Are the fathers and the mothers right in thinking that there is a substitute for high, unselfish noble character? Are they right in thinking that brains in a man or beauty in a woman have any value *without* character? Are they right in thinking that wealth is a good thing *without* character? Are they right in thinking that a man, who is without high, unselfish, noble character, can find anywhere, in anything, happiness, blessing? O friends, it is here that we must begin our reform of high school, of business, of politics, of society. The first and most important thing for the fathers and the mothers of this country to do is to reform themselves; to believe in higher ideals; to make a new estimate of values; to openly acknowledge the truth which they secretly accept,—that character, high, unselfish, noble character is the pearl without price; and that nothing, nothing of wealth or health, of beauty or brains, of education or culture or position or fame, nothing, nothing has any real value to a man or a woman or a child, excepting as it is a means and an assistance in our search for righteousness, in our effort to become God-like, to know and establish ourselves children of the Divine. Aye, and more than that. We must not only know that all those adventitious circumstances of wealth or health or beauty or brains have no real value in themselves, we must also know that without them, any of them or all of them, a man may strive toward and attain something of nobility of character. We must know that whatever our environment, whatever our condition, whatever our equipment, we have within ourselves this God-given reality, a soul; *we are* this divine reality, a soul; we may, here and now, attain to the condition of supreme blessedness,—the consciousness that we are trying with all the strength God has given us to live God-like lives. O friends, let us get this thought into our minds, this hope into our hearts; let us begin today to try to live in accordance with *our* highest ideals. So shall we do most effectively our part toward bringing about all of the reform that the world really needs.

November 5, 1908. EDWIN G. BROWN.

Temptations of Age

No one familiar with the domestic life of self-supporting women can fail to notice how many have elderly relatives partially or wholly dependent on them, or to remark the sad proportion of cases in which the burden is made more heavy by a want of sympathy between those who should be so closely drawn together. The impulse to blame the younger person is not always just. Early youth is too often inconsiderate and selfish. But it is by women in middle life that these responsibilities are most frequently carried—women who, to careless youth, seem elderly themselves. And one fears that the steady courage and endurance with which they carry them do not always meet the appreciation that they deserve. Age has its temptations, and not even respect can shut our eyes to the fact that the aged are sometimes intensely selfish. For the infirmities of failing mental powers there should be unfailing charity. But the exacting temper which makes the evenings of the breadwinner the hardest part of her day, the nagging, the petty jealousy of outside friends, the willfulness about taking advice, the exasperating partiality to absent brothers and sisters whom distance spares the daily friction —all these are not infirmities, but downright faults, and filial affection cannot always be blind to them. Those of us who feel age approaching should be on our guard against them.—*Exchange.*

A True Incident

A neighbor whose farm adjoins ours, writes a correspondent of the *New England Homestead,* owns a very large shepherd dog, noted throughout the neighborhood for his anything but friendly greeting of strangers and his entire devotion to his master's horses. He spends nearly all his time with them in stable and pasture.

One day this fall one of the teams had been turned out for exercise in a small field, close to the roadway from our fields to the barns. Just beyond the road lay a bundle of cornstalks which had fallen from one of the loads brought up the day before. The horses saw it and wanted it, as was evidenced by their longing glances and the stretching of their heads over the fence in a vain endeavor to reach it.

Prince, who had gone down to the field to see his friends, stood watching them closely. Presently he trotted off down the field to where one of the fence boards had become loose and dropped down at one end. Slipping through, he went back to the bundle of stalks, seized it, and, dragging it along to the hole in the fence, pulled it through, having considerable trouble with it in so doing, and finally placed it before the horses, who at once began eating it. Prince stood by, panting, wagging his bushy tail, and evidently highly pleased with the whole performance.

"If there wasn't thought and reasoning there, I don't know where you'd find it!" said one of our men, who had been an interested spectator.—*Exchange.*

When low the flame of faith doth burn
Within our hearts, and heaven recedes
With all its visions of delight—
Its pure and priceless prophecies—
When faint and heedless, Lord, we lie
Like weary hinds by life's highway,
Come Thou in fire!
Our souls inspire!
In us revive Thy work, we pray.

W. B. S.

Unity Endowment Fund

For full membership in the ranks		$30.00
For corporal's commission	4x$30 =	120.00
For sergeant's commission	6x30 =	180.00
Lieutenancy	10x$30 =	300.00
Captaincy	20x$30 =	600.00
Majorship		1000.00
Lieutenant-colonelcy		2000.00
Colonelcy		5000.00

The following subscriptions to the Unity *Endowment Fund of $30.00 or more, have come to the central office.*

Mrs. Sarah E. Reid, Boston (pd).
C. D. VanVechten, Cedar Rapids, Iowa (pd).
Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, Geneva, N. Y. (pd).
Thomas Kilpatrick, Omaha, Neb. (pd).
Hiram B. Bickerdyke, Ericson, Mont.
Edwin Ludlow, Monroe, Wis. (pd).
Miss Amelia McMinn, Milwaukee, Wis.
Charles H. Walker, Charleston, N. C.
Henry Crane, Janesville, Wis. (pd).
Nathaniel Schmidt, Ithaca, N. Y.
Miss Sarah A. Brown, Lawrence, Kan. (pd).
Julian A. DuBois, Sauk Centre, Minn.
Rev. Alexander Kent, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Edward L. Hall, Boulder, Colo.
F. F. Dawley, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Mrs. E. P. Allis, Milwaukee, Wis. (4 sub'ns, pd).
Mrs. Clara M. Holmes, Elmira, N. Y. (pd).
Misses Wynne, Mary and Ruth Lackersteen, Chicago.
Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Mrs. Julia Zuckerman, Chicago (part pd).
E. D. Hulbert, Chicago (5 sub'ns).
Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Lovejoy, Princeton, Ill.
Mrs. S. L. Eisendrath, Chicago.
Rev. M. J. Miller, Geneseo, Ill. (pd.)
Rev. R. H. Newton, New York City (pd).
Miss Mary E. Hawley, Chicago (part pd).
Rev. John Kimball, Greenfield, Mass. (pd).
Minerva P. Walker, Charlestown, W. Va. (pd).
Mrs. Helen M. Driver, Montecito, Cal. (pd).
Mrs. Florence Hayden, Eau Claire, Wis. (pd).
Mrs. M. B. Chambers, Philadelphia (pd).
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James McGrath, Boston.
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Rev. Joseph Stolz, Chicago.
Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, Chicago.
Mrs. Clarice H. Jackman, Janesville, Wis. (pd).
Mrs. Eugenie C. Taylor, Huron, S. Dak.
Mrs. C. C. Tabor, Independence, Iowa
Frank H. Hall, Aurora, Ill.
James Harris, Janesville, Wis. (3 sub'ns, pd).
William P. Elliott, LaGrange, Ill. (2 sub'ns, pd).
Mrs. M. A. Vye, Minneapolis, Minn. (pd).
Anna L. Burnham, Philadelphia (pd).
W. R. Wood, Greeley, Neb. (pd).
Mrs. Susan Look Avery, Chicago (pd).
Jessie S. and Milton Moss, Huntsville, Ala. (pd).
Emily Howland, Sherwood, N. Y. (pd).
T. T. Woodruff, LaJunta, Colo. (pd).
A. A. Roberts, Baraboo, Wis. (pd).
Col. H. C. McMillan, Ft. Atkinson, Wis. (pd).
Judge Frank Brooks, Minneapolis, Minn. (pd).
Mrs. A. H. Hanson, Chicago (pd).
L. F. Gates, Wilmette, Ill. (pd).
Mrs. C. A. Beck, Chicago (pd).
Mrs. Phoebe M. Butler, Oak Park, Ill. (pd).
Mrs. L. A. Goddard, Chicago (pd).
Charles E. Dewitz, Chicago (pd).
Mrs. C. J. Mulvane, Chicago (pd).
Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Chicago (pd).
Miss Lena L. Wood, Monmouth, Ill. (pd).
Mrs. Edward Morris, Chicago (4 sub'ns).
Mrs. M. W. Pinckney, Chicago (pd).

The following contributed in sums less than thirty dollars; all paid.

Matthew H. Peters, Watseka, Ill.
J. W. Sawyer, Princeton, Ill.
Mrs. A. M. Haskell, Roslindale, Mass.
Miss Julia D. Reed, Janesville, Wis.
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Susannah R. French, Saratoga, Cal.
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Bishop Samuel Fallows, Chicago.
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James G. Train, Baraboo, Wis.
G. W. Collins, Rockford, Ill.
Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Hartford, Conn.
Mrs. Stack, Miss Anna Starrett, Mrs. J. L. Hutchens, Chicago; (through Mrs. Houk).
Florence H. Crowell, West Yarmouth, Mass.
Miss Mary Pierce, Chicago.
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Leslie Willis Sprague, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Dr. A. G. Humphrey, Galesburg, Ill.
Charles Foster, Rensselaer Falls, N. Y.
Mrs. H. Walters, Beauport, Canada.

The Wonder-Days

Ho, the wonder-days that come when old winter's grip is numb,
When the snow is off the hillside and the meadows flash with green,
When the sky takes on a hue of the deepest, cleanest blue,
And the brook is laughing softly with its spray of silver sheen!

Then the buds begin to burst as for sap they are athirst
And the bark of sullen deadness takes upon itself a glow,
And a sense of newer birth breathes upon the frozen earth
Till you look to see the crocus nodding blithely on the snow.

And the breezes come and fling all the balm-breath of the spring
With an undertone of gladness in dripping of the rain
Till you wait for the perfume of the orchard lands in bloom
And you fancy there is clover nodding bravely down the lane.

Ho, the wonder-days that dawn when the wintertime is gone
And the whole round world is happy with the promise of the spring!
How the brooklet laughs in rhyme as the sap begins to climb,
And the soul of you is feasting on the good in everything!

— *W. D. Nesbit.*

The Watch Tower

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

Direct Primary in Chicago.

The results of the primary last week were a disappointment to many who hoped for better results. Almost without exception the "regular" party man received the nomination. There were very few votes cast and the only important results were won by distinctly partisan rather than by non-partisan or independent candidates. It was well said by the *Record-Herald*, however, "The direct primary is an opportunity, not a cure." It does not by any means sound the death knell of parties, but it does afford the needed opportunity for a popular revolt against unrighteous party domination. Bad men will still be elected unless moral leadership is forthcoming and the aggressive, popular movement is inspired and directed. The direct primary does give the one opportunity for accomplishing such important results. Governor Hughes has proposed a primary law in New York, which practically makes partisanship necessary even in the primaries, but it provides a popular election of the party leaders preceding the primary as a means of ousting bad bosses. The argument he makes for such party control is exceedingly interesting.

Protection of the Public Health.

Whatever criticisms may be made of Health Commissioner Evans, either in Chicago or by state officials, it must be apparent that he is striving earnestly to accomplish his full duty. Last week three important plans were under discussion as to the necessity and the efficacy of the pasteurization of milk, for "doctors disagree," but there is no disagreement as to the importance of the subject or the value of thorough discussion and investigation. The importance of "better ventilation facilities for bakeries" is likewise conceded, and it seems to be quite generally admitted that action is greatly needed to this end. The third demand of Dr. Evans is that smoking cars be abolished from all elevated and surface cars doing a local business, and we hope the popular approval of this suggestion will be instant and emphatic. On the Kenwood Branch now just one-half of the ordinary train is given up to smokers, with the result that many men are compelled to sit in the midst of tobacco smoke and inhale the fumes—said to contain more poisonous nicotine than the smoker himself gets—to whom it is not only disagreeable but dangerous to good health. Many splendid men smoke, and we have long since ceased to call it a crime, but that is no reason why they should insist upon indulging themselves to the discomfort or suffering of their fellows in a public conveyance. Surely men have opportunities to smoke as much as is good for them without having so large a portion of transportation facilities surrendered to them. Success to Dr. Evans!

Progress in Woman Suffrage.

Scores of woman suffragists stormed the capitol at Albany, New York, last week to fight for the ballot. Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, led the forces and made the principal speech. The New York State Association opposed to Woman Suffrage was also well represented, Mrs. Elihu Root, one of the vice-presidents of the latter organization, being among the opponents to the measure. The woman suffrage bill was defeated in the Kansas legislature, but was passed by the Dakota House and its friends hope will become a law. In London the "war" still goes merrily on. A number of women high in social rank are put in jails and the government is reported as greatly troubled over the prominence of the prisoners.

For Public Profit or Private Greed.

Ostensibly for the purpose of bringing the wonderful discoveries of Luther Burbank to a needy world, "The Luther Burbank Products" company has recently been incorporated for several million dollars. The report states that Mr. Burbank has been hampered by financial worries and welcomes the new arrangement that promises "more time for the development of fruits and flowers." Inasmuch as Mr. Burbank has long received very generous grants from the Carnegie fund and other institutions, and has also sold some creations at very liberal prices, we very much fear that this new move is rather in the interests of financial greed than of any public gain. One of the first things undertaken by the new company will be the promotion of the spineless cactus, "which promises to transform desert wastes into grazing lands for cattle." Scientists tell us this cactus is not a new species but only a variation induced by a peculiar habitat and hence it will revert to the original character under desert conditions. It will seem like a national calamity if Luther Burbank's name is dragged in the mire of financial peculation.

William H. Taft Now President.

As we go to press the inaugural ceremonies and festivities are being held in a city arrayed in holiday attire, and a vast concourse of people from all over the nation are present at the nation's capital. Mr. Roosevelt does not follow the honored custom of riding back to the White House on the left side of the carriage, but leaves the capitol for the train which takes him to Oyster Bay. Frankly confessing some mistakes and undoubtedly guilty of others, it is undoubtedly true that Theodore Roosevelt is the best loved and most cordially hated man in America today. None can deny him a chief place in the ranks of the world's great men. President Taft will very probably sail on smoother seas, will have fewer enemies in Congress, but so long as Speaker Cannon is the dictator at one end of the capitol, and men like Mr. Aldrich rule the destinies of the nation at the other, peace may be a misfortune.

Race Riot in Omaha.

Because a Greek killed a policeman in South Omaha a race war of serious proportions has broken out. State militia has been called on, hundreds of Greeks are leaving the city, and grave fears are entertained.

Large Fines Are Upheld.

The U. S. Supreme Court handed down two decisions last week upholding the validity of the actions of lower courts in both the Arkansas case against Hammond Packing Co., a $10,000 fine, and the New York case, in which the N. Y. Central R. R. was fined $134,000 for granting rebates to the American Sugar Company.

C. A. O.

The Future

Into the future,
  Who may look?
Its word lies hid
  In a fast closed book.
The curtain of death
  Is a perfect screen,
No human eye
  Beyond has seen;
No human ear
  Has ever heard
From the silent dead
  One faintest word.

Into the future,
  Who could look?
Glad we are
  'Tis a fast closed book.
Today is strong
  The soul to imbue
With high resolve
  And purpose true.
Today we listen
  To Duty's call;
If we hear, if we heed,
  We've accomplished all.

Into the future,
  None may look.
There is no word
  In that closed book.
With God there is
  The now and the here,
And nowhere place
  For dread or fear.
Today holds all
  That God can give.
Today we may
  Aspire and live.

EDWIN G. BROWN.

I find earth not gray but rosy,
  Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stop? I pluck a posy.
  Do I stand and stare? All's blue.
—*Robert Browning.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN OTHER LANDS.—Following with close attention, Saturday, Miss Ethel M. Arnold's very able presentation of the present status of the women's cause in the various countries of Europe, I waited with eager interest for what she might say of Switzerland but the little republic was was not mentioned. How strong a suffrage movement there really is there, I myself do not know. This much is certain, that in the cantons of Geneva and Vaud a persistent campaign has long been carried on to secure the granting of ecclesiastical suffrage to women. This was the natural point for a suffrage movement to begin in communities where, until the present year, the church was an integral part of the state. The women's cause received a temporary setback by reason of the Separation, there being some who thought it unwise to complicate the situation by so radical a departure from established usage, in the crisis of church reorganization, though admitting the reasonableness and justice of the demand. There can be no doubt that it will be granted in Geneva at no distant day and if I am not mistaken, this vote has already been won in canton Vaud.

In the meantime that valiant and steady champion of all good causes and especially of all affecting woman, the *Signal de Geneve*, continues to keep the whole subject of woman suffrage before its readers, as the following items gleaned from its columns will serve to show:

In Australia the women of Victoria have at last secured the right to vote for members of the state Parliament. Victoria was the only one of the six states where this right had hitherto been refused. Since 1902, in all the Australian states, including Victoria, women could vote for candidates for municipal offices and for members of the national Parliament, and, with the exception of Victoria, elected the members of their own parliaments. The democratic party in that state presented a measure granting the women of Victoria the same right in this respect as those of other states. It was passed fourteen times, with a growing majority, in the Lower House but its opponents in the legislative committee of the Upper House as often rejected it, though the hostile majority kept diminishing till at last there were only two opposing the measure. Then a league of men was forced to demand suffrage for women. This league sent a deputation to the president of the Upper House and obtained his support. The anti-suffrage petition of M. Harwood was able to secure but 3,000 signatures, though he has boasted that he could get 50,000 in a week, 1,200 of them among his own electors. The suffrage petition bore the signatures of 21,000 women. The bill finally pased the Upper House by a vote of 23 to 5.

In Finland at the last election there were in the province of Nyland 52,742 men voters and 55,439 women.

In Russia the first women's congress has recently been held in St. Petersburg, after many difficulties in obtaining the necessary authorization. Four hundred delegates from all parts of Russia were in attendance. Mme. Anna Philosophoff, mother of the author Dmitri Philosophoff, was warmly congratulated, as organizer of the movement.

In Germany the woman suffrage societies not long since kept a self-denial week, during which the members deprived themselves of pleasure and luxuries and contributed to the suffrage treasury the amounts thus saved.

A notice of the offer of a hundred dollar prize by Mrs. E. L. Bishop, of the Chicago Beach Hotel, for the best words for a woman suffrage song to be sung to a well-known patriotic air, preferably that of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, forms the last item in this up-to-date Swiss survey—which, by the way, I have not translated in full. It will give me great pleasure to send to the editor a copy of the songs resulting from that competition, which were used at the suffrage meeting in Music Hall last Saturday.

M. E. H.

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